THE BATTEL OF NEVVBVRNE:

Where the Scots Armie obtained a notable victorie against the *Englisſh Papiſts, Prelats, and Arminians*, the 28 day of Auguſt, 1640.

By *M. Z. B.*

The ſecond edition.

Exod. 14. 13.

Feare ye not, ſtand ſtill, and yee ſhall ſee the ſalvation of the Lord.

GLASGOW,
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1643.

Exod. xx. 3.

Jehova est magnus Bellator, Nomen ejus est Jehova.

To His *Excellence*, my Lord *Generall* Lesly, *Earle of Leaven*, &c.

Please your EXCELLENCE,

Wish I had a Veine, with verse divine,
Whereof I might prepare a rich propine,
offer to your worthie Excellence,
nan, by God, raisde for the Truths Defence.
help Christs church in need you have not faild;
en Shee by strength and stratagems assaild
s in strange wayes: Arise now to command,
who Scotlands *rudder have in your hand;*
Lord of time set at your side his glasse,
guide your wayes after his own compasse.
not, *said Caleb, arise, and make speed,*
eed not shrink, for they are for us bread:
r blind gods, blind guides *without force or* (skill
not you match in valley *or on* hil:
Midianites *God shall destroy anone,*
Lord is God, and ye his *Gideon,*
n neither brags *can break, nor* buds *can bow,*
ve Christs Church in her grief and sorrow.

Your EXCELLENCE most
humble Servant,
M. ZACHARIE BOYD.

THE BATTELL OF *NEWBURN.*

O Prince of Poets, make my braine to boile,
With *grace* and *verse*, that I may now extoll
Gods praiſes high, my tongue and pen Lord ſteep
In lauding ſongs pleaſant like Syrups ſweet:
My cloudy ſprite with thy bright beams make cle
And in my weakneſſe make thy ſtrength appear.
Unto my ſute, O LORD, thine ear incline,
My drowſie heart, and droſſie ſprites refine:
On me a portion of thy Sprite beſtow,
With heavenly fire now make mine heart to glo
Now up my Muſe, make haſte to thy Career,
And ſing how GOD hath freed us of our fear
At *Newburn* foord, where brave Scots paſt the T
Under CHRISTS colours with courage divine.

There be no verſe from our Caſtalian ſpring,
That praiſes due to great LESLY can bring;
Such glorious deeds require a great *Virgil*,
My hiſſing reed may well the praiſes ſpill,
Due to an HEROS, whoſe Vertues make roo
Unto the nobleſt ears in Chriſtendome:
Thy famous Name in all air *Germanie*
Is ſpread abroad untill the *Baltick* Sea.

LESLI

LESLIES like *Hectors* name did never faile,
His foes faces with terrour to make pale;
Great *Gideon* GODS *Jepthe* in sore distresse,
CHRISTS Captain stout, who did his foes represse:
At *Newburn* fields boldly thou past the Foord,
Against the forces of foxie *Strafford*,
Whose men in trinches were then flanked strong,
Armed with picks and musquets thickly throng.
I wish I could in lofty lines proclame
Your worth, and graft it in the wings of fame.

The Cannons and Footmen.

FIrst Canons roard, and after hils did ring,
The Echoes shouted, and soon back did fling
uch troubling noise, as was so pert to come
Within their Caves, the seat of their kingdome.
gain, the Drums alarums with their sound,
ade Echoes chambers with great noise rebound,
Which in great peace at *Newburn* many years
ad not beene troubled with such trembling feare.
he *Scots* Canons powder and balls did spew,
Which with terrour the *Canterburians* slew:
ith hideous roaring and with sulphry flash,
ney blew such boast that made the clouds to clash:
ea thundred so, as though they would have riven
he burnisht vaults, and battlements of Heaven;
ls rusht at randon, which most fearfully
enac'd to break the portals of the sky.
e hills about did greatly grone and grumble,
e bals did roul; both heaven & earth did rumble:

To

To hear ſuch noiſe, it did give men to think
That heaven & earth, and all did ſhake and ſhrink;
The ſteep mountains with their high horned tops
Did tremble ſore, as they would melt in drops;
The hardeſt Rocks from top to toe did quiver,
As though the earth ſhould all in ſunder ſhiver.
The Canons play'd with redoubled voleyes
On their leaguer, with moſt fearfull ſaillyes:
The fire with bals did buller in the air,
Glancing, like Comets, with their bloody hair:
Such hot ſervice done with great Canon knock,
Made mens hearts ſhake: yea hardeſt rocks to rok
Some bals (their trinches made of earth and muc
Did ſhiver, others through their bones did ſcud,
Like great Grenados, or the Petard proud,
Which bars and bones break with their cracki
Laſt, in a clap *of bals there came a Cluſter*, (lou
Which in their trinches made a *fearfull muſter*:
It ſeem'd to them to be an earthly thunder,
Which with their Muſcles Muſquets brake aſunde
The poulder blaſt moſt fiercely did remove
Their beards below, and Muſtaches above:
The whisking bals made all their cheeks ſo ſmoo
They ſought no *Pincers* for to draw a tooth:
Yea, legs and armes which in the air did flee
Were then cut of (like gibblets) fearfully:
The Scottiſh Bals ſo daſh'd them with diſdain,
That *hips ov'r head*, their skul did ſpew their brain
Both legs and arms and heads, like duſt, did flee
Into the air, with fearfull mutinie:

The bals their legs, the legs their heads did break,
The heads their arms, the arms did cleave their neck:
Each part another did with fury daſh,
Teeth tare the tongue, and teeth on teeth did gnaſh,
Like paines in hell they did on other chatter,
The bloody bals made all their bones to clatter:
Mens ribs did rattle at this ſervice hote,
They riven, did cut the weaſont of the throat,
Their *foot* their *thigh*, their *breaſt* did break their *back*
Such was the Reele-dance at that thunder crack.
In this Conflict, which was both *ſowre*, and ſurely
Bones, bloud and brains went in a *hurly burly*;
All was made Hodge-podge, ſome began to croole,
Who fights for prelats is a beaſtly foole.
Thus theſe who firſt did ſcorn our Scots voleyes,
With waved caps did ſmart for their folies;
Some wanting armes, and ſome wanting the legs,
Did laugh at leaſure with their ſporting jigs.
Though the Canons with roaring made great fray,
They but a prologue were of Captaines play:
Who take delight *Mars* Quiriſters to hear,
Sounding ſuch Organes with a joyfull chear.
The *Canterburians*, fronted with trinch large,
In panick fear could not abide this charge;
Their hearts thus crammed both with fear & grief,
Did quake and tremble like the Aſpen leaf:
Back to battell the feeble and the ſtout
Did flee with haſte, they all went in a rout:
Some heer, ſome there in a great preſſing throng,
To ſave themſelves the thickeſt groves among:

All

All full of horrour and of trembling fear,
The ample plaine they ſpread with ſword & ſpear;
They caſt muſquets, and buffle coats them fro,
That they might flee like the ſwift Hinde or Roe:
They breathleſſe panting in their fearfull haſt,
Were like poor haires whci h by ſwift hounds were chaſte,
Terrours from heaven made all the footmen flee
By an backſide with bluſhing infamie:
Some Eaſt, ſome Weſt, ſome South in the large field,
Did run like haires their poor life for to ſhield.

The Horſemen.

AFter all this Trumpets in Princely ſound,
With Taratantaras made the hils rebound:
This warlike noiſe made barbed horſe to fling,
With pawning feet, which made the rocks to ring:
Their necks were cloath'd about with fearfull thunder,
And back with barbs, ev'n trappers of great wonder
They ſmelling war, did volt, and proudly pranſe,
With laughter loud they did both trip and dance;
Ha ha, ſaid they, while Trumpets were ſounding,
We ſmell the battell, and Captaines ſhouting.
Then the Horſemen to skirmiſh did begin,
The Piſtol-balls as thick as rain did ſpin:
They like ſmall ſtreames in number did conſpire,
Together for to make a flood of fire;
Theſe bals in ſquadrons came like fire and thunder,
Mens hearts & heads both for to pierce & plunder:

Their

Their earand was (when it was underſtood)
To bathe mens boſomes in a ſcarlet floud :
Such ſwift Uſhers with their proud poudred words,
Prepar'd the way for launces and for ſwords.
The *Canterburian* with great pompe did pranke,
As though our blew-caps things of meaneſt ranke,
Should tremble at ſuch bright abilement,
Of men of ſteele the captaines ornament,
Which *Vulcan* had well hamm'red with great skill
For *Straffords* Biſh-heads, brave Scots for to kill ;
Theſe vile villains had brought from *Mars* Wardrob,
Moſt choiſe weapons our men to goare and ſtob.
They armed thus with ſwords of ſteele and ſtaves,
Poyſon'd the air with their blaſphemous Braves,
Goliah like, who (with his ſpear and ſhield)
Defy'd Gods Iſra'l in the open field ;
As that villain (for there were not great ods)
Did unto *David*; ſo they by their gods
Us curſt with ſhouts, and likewiſe fiercely ſhot,
Which with great wrath the brave *Scots* hearts made hot.
They thought by the ſight of this bright iron ſpawn,
All heart from *Scots* ſhould ſpeedily be drawn :
So that they ſhould in a moſt headlong haſt
Turne back againe the way which they had paſt :
In flying ſquadrons, that they at their back,
Purſuing hote might bring both ſhame and lack,
Upon our Countrey, and our Gods goſpell,
This was the end of theſe men in battell.

But

But the brave Scots *Mars* Darlings in wrath hot
Did boile and bubble, like a ſeething pot;
Clouds of great gloomes *muffled their face about*,
Deep dams of wrath with rage at laſt guſht out
In bloody blows, which upon their foes browes
In ſquadrons made their ſolemne *Rendezvous*:
Some with *Cudgels* upon them ſoundly laid,
Their *Crumpſhoulders* of blows receiv'd a load:
Some with launces did go like fire and thunder,
Who brake their orders, and drave them aſunder;
Some with *broad ſwords* came on them with a ſhout,
With wounds from which *ſluces of blood* burſt out;
Like wet *Auſter*, lowring with dropping wing,
Great drops of blood at every hair did hing.
In this bickring men fiercely with great knocks,
Like ſtone and ſteele above a tinder box,
Made ſparks of fire like fearfull lightnings flee,
Which with their brightneſſe dazled all the sky:
Great clouds of reek both men & horſe ov'rſpread;
Of fiery voleyes the cluſters racketed:
So many Gunſhots, kindled with great ſpeed,
Did make a Bonefire high above their head:
Yea, Reek and Fire a great battell did fight,
The one for Darkneſſe, th'other for the Light.
In this hote Service men did march with force,
Their foes bodies and ſoules for to divorce;
Each Voley did with boaſting blaſt exhort
His neighbours life to go with a Paſſe-port:
Like a great winde, boiſtrous with ſtormy puffe,
They fought in ſpight with mutuall Counterbuffe;

Deep

Deep wounds they made, the ſtreames of bloud ran down,
Which made red cheeks, and als a *Crimſon crown.*
In battell hot they furiouſly did ruſh,
With ſword and launce they did each other puſh;
Nothing but ſtroaks and cryes were to be heard,
Nothing hut clinks of yron and ſteel moſt hard:
Then Pel-mell all did ſtrive in troubled ſound
Who ſhould his fellow bring down to the ground;
Moſt like great buls who fighting cruelly,
With *hooves* the earth, with *horns* do wound the sky;
Each puſhed other like waves mov'd by winde,
Whiles to & fro, whiles forward, whiles behinde;
Behold anone them jumbled altogether,
And then again each one jarring with other,
Like *blunt* with *ſharp*, and *dunk* againſt the *dry*,
They interjuſtled moſt deſpightfully.
As ſeas on rocks do fall with fearfull daſh,
So Swords and Coutlas did on other claſh,
Which in abundance made great ſtreams of bloud
Guſh out and run moſt like a ſcarlet Floud.
All was in rage, men did like Lyons roar,
As though each man his Fellow would devour;
Some deales about as many deaths as blows,
Some hacks, ſome hurts, ſome hews, ſome overthrows;
Such ſtobbing and gorring there was to ſee,
It ſeem'd to be a fearfull Larderie;
Through barbed horſe, through picks & piſtoll ball
Our men did march, We care not what befall,

Sai

Said they, for we with a good conſcience,
Will ſpend our blood for the *good Cauſe* defence:
We are all heere for to ſerve our Creator,
On this field red, like a bloody Theater.

The Victorie.

THus ſtood the caſe, but God of heaven at laſt,
Fought for the *Scots*, ſo that their foes againſt
Did flee with fear like *Hindes* before the *Hounds*,
Their *back* not *face* receiv'd moſt ſhamefull wounds;
The cupping glaſſe was needfull there to be,
For Scots broad ſwords had skill to ſcarifie
Their backs & ſhoulders (of this make no doubt)
That rotten bloud and humours might come out.
But they againſt did run in ſquadrons thick,
Abhorring much ſuch rough *Scottiſh Phyſick*:
They would have given their houſes & their lands,
To have beene out of ſuch *Chirurgions* hands:
They ſpar'd not ſpurs, to flee they were not ſlack,
Great fear them made, like *Cancers*, to go back:
Thus having ſpent their courage and their poulder,
The *Scots* them *ſcutcht* both upon back and ſhoulder,
Cluſters of ſtroakes moſt fiercely on them fell,
Which made their hearts to *ſwelt*, & backs to ſwell.
Black clouds of reek with a red fiery flood,
Were ſeene with *garments tumbled into blood*:
Our Scottiſh bals like whisking winds did whirle,
With wanton puffs their *rough Heads* for to curle:
So GOD aroſe moſt ſwiftly us to help
Againſt our foes, and brake their *hairie Scalp*.

The

Both horſe and men there did fall in that chaſe,
Their *pilgrime ſoules* thence went unto their place,
Not caring for their bodies clogs that day,
Which peſt'red were among the dirt and clay;
The worthy *Scots* full of courage divine,
Did charge them ſtill upon the fields of *Tine*;
Till *dusky night* them robbed quite of day,
And death of foes, the reſt fled all away:
Diverſe they took and ſpared humane life,
To take captives, in end was all their ſtrife;
Thus ended was this moſt tempeſtuous jar
By GOD, who was our Stears-man and our Star;
The day was ours, our foes ſoone ceaſde from boaſt,
For with us was *the Captaine of Gods hoſt*.
Who made us Victors in that great battell,
In ſpight of them, and all the Hags of hell:
Even He alone hath all theſe great things wrought,
Who begs of none, who buyes or borrows nought:
The LORD it was, yea He it was alone
Who with his ſword them ſlic'd throgh fleſh & bone
Though they were ſteeled with fine harneſſe hard,
It not avail'd his blowes for to award;
Therefore with praiſe unto his Majeſtie
Let all Scots hearts and tongues emboſſed be.
O fair *Scotland*, God hath thee crown'd with flowrs,
While thy foes eyes are blubbered with ſhowrs
Of teares and troubles, who wiſh nothing more
Than that *Britaine* each other *entergore*;
If blood enſue they care not who begin;
Friends, fellowes, brethren, neighbours, couſen, kin;

Let all fall down in an *Aceldama*,
It is to them but matter of *Ha, ha*,
Such petifogers ſhould have their kingdome,
If they all *Britaine* could make ſlaves to *Rome*:
Though this battell was fought with little blood,
Yet it was great, if it were underſtood:
The Battells of *Coutras* and of *Yury*
Were glorious, but not equall to thee:
For who was ſure when our men did depart,
That the beſt of England durſt take their part;
Though Martiall troupes well to battell dare go,
Yet when they know not who is friend or fo
In a ſtrange land, it may give men to think,
Such thoughts as may make ſtouteſt hearts to ſhrink,
Dangers will make mens reſolution rock,
And waver like the turning *Weather cock*:
Some might ſay this, ſome that, what can this be?
It is ſome traine, it lookes like treacherie:
We can not tell if we have ſuch neighbours,
Who can abide to ſee our *Scots* colours,
On Engliſh ground; ſome whiſpered and ſaid,
And why ſhould *Scotland* now *England* invade?
Some foes, ſome fearfull diverſly did jarre,
By force, by fraud, this holy courſe to marre:
Yet notwithſtanding the *Scots* paſt the *Tweed*,
And to their foes they nimbly did proceed:
They went to *Newburn* where they paſt the Foord,
And foild the forces of foxy *Strafford*;
Who bred in broiles like a moſt diveliſh limme,
Had almoſt made Britaine in blood to ſwimme,

His

His friends that day their backs in battell ſhew,
Arminians, Papiſts, *Canterburian* crew;
Who with their meanes Romes Vatican defend,
Not caring that our ſtate were at an end.
It was the Lord who gave courage divine
Unto brave *Scots* to paſſe the Foords of *Tine*,
Where *chirping birds* each morning *their good morrows*
Do ſing moſt ſweet, for to beguile mens ſorrows.
Thus our Army moſt nimble in their bands
Made their foes feel that *Scots* had hearts & hands:
Our Hoſt might ſay, *Veni, vidi, vici*,
I came, I ſaw, I got the victory.
The Scots Army, by counſell wiſe and good,
Did not thirſt after *Canterburian* blood;
It was enough their honour to atchive,
Some for to chaſe, others to take captive:
Paſtours did pray in our greateſt diſtreſſe,
That we might have a Victorie bloodleſſe;
Though they did ſtand between us and our King,
With *Sword in hand*, that what was our ſaying
He might not heare, yet did we not delight,
With *red revenge* on them to wreak our ſpight,
Who giddy groſſe like men who nothing knows,
Knew not that Scots will give moſt bloody blows.
Before that they ſhould ſuffer ſuch diſgrace,
To be debard from ſeeing their Kings face;
So while they did raiſe armies us to croſſe,
They but increaſde our Honour and their Loſſe.
The world ſaw at laſt their frantick folly,
And they thus ſwing'd did ſink in Melancholy:

The

The prelats, who Gods Sabbaths with their playes
Profaind, now ſtoup and droup in Embring dayes.

FINIS.

For the Generall.

O Brave LESLY, in all this ſtormy gale
No fear of foes did once thy face make pale,
But as a Lyon which roareth for prey,
Thou went among thine enemies that day;
Thou fought Gods foes and with courage divine,
Them foild beſides the *flowry banks of Tine*:
Where ſilver ſtreams down by the brinks do ſlide,
With murmur milde rejoicing every ſide:
That day thy ſword did brandiſh moſt brightly,
Thou fought for God, the great God fought for thee,
To this great work th' *Almighty* did thee raiſe,
He honour'd thee, but ſee that thou him praiſe:
Thou haſt obtain'd a great name *Excellence*,
By going forth for the good *cauſe defence*;
Scotlands brave men thee follow'd at the back,
See what it is to fight for JOVAHS Sake:
For this exploit all good men ſhall commend
LESLIES great courage unto the worlds end.
This little is, thou ſhalt come better ſpeed,
When with greene lawrels CHRIST ſhall crown thine head
In Heavens above, where night give place to day,
And winter blaſts to an immortall May.

Such

Such great honour to Chriſts captaines belongs,
Which paſſe all Peans braveſt Poets ſongs.
On truſtie Captaines God doth praiſe allow,
Whom neither *brags* can *break*, nor *buds* can *bow*.

For the Lievetenant Generall.

O Stout ALMOND, Lievetenant Generall,
Thy brave courage appear'd to great & ſmall:
Thine Honours Rayes require a pen divine,
To tell what thou didſt in the foords of TINE;
Which (like *Jordan*) the Lord almoſt made dry
That our armie might paſſe through by and by:
Chriſt thy captaine when ended are thy dayes,
Shall crowne thine head with everlaſting Bayes.

For Sir Thomas Hope.

IT fell by ſort that the *Juſtice Colledge*
Should have the *vanguard*, & firſt give the charge:
A good preſage, the lot did fall on *Hope*,
By God who is of all ground-ſtone and cope:
Great dangers may make ſtouteſt hearts to hover,
Yet *Hopes* courage in all did not give over:
He paſt the foord and great courage did take,
Untill our foes with ſhame did turne the back.

For Major Ballantine.

BRave *Ballantine*, Scots *Hercules*, that day
Thou boldly charg'd our foes without delay;
Where thou appear'd thou ſeem'd to be great *Mars*,
Of thy deep wounds their back did bear the ſcars.

For the Son of Sir Patrick Makgie.

IN this conflict which was a great pitie,
We loſt the Son of Sir *Patrick Makgie*,
Whoſe great courage did thruſt him in a throng,
Where he did die fighting his foes among;
My Penſive penſile is with ſorrow fraught,
When it begins of griefs to draw the Draught,
Which pierc'd the heart of thy father moſt dear,
When he like David did follow the Beere;
Affection ſtill Affliction doth increaſe,
The wound is deep when one is made childeleſſe;
When pale death doth the only Son devore,
The Man may live, but Father is no more;
Relatas Lawes are govern'd with ſuch order,
They Stand and Fall, they Live and Die together.
Painter *Timantes* ſtirring up his veine,
(When *Iphigenia* was for to be ſlaine,
And off'red in a bloody ſacrifice)
Was onely able to do this ſervice;
The friends about all in their mourning weed,
With drouſie Draughts he drew in a great ſpeed:
Some hanging down their heads with *blubb'red eyes*,
He painted, others *couring on their knees*;
Others againe, in great numbers by bands,
Were ſeene for grief ſore wringing both their hands
But when he came for *Agamemnon* dear,
The Damſels father his penſile to ſtir,
In ſorrowes ſo exhauſted was his Skill,
That he that great work could not well fulfill;

His Art him fail'd, his Skill had no more place,
He with a vaile muffled the fathers face.
But Why do I in ſorrow ſoake my pen?
Death is a way for all the ſonnes of men;
Brave youth thy name and fame ſhall never die,
From age to age thou ſhalt renowned be.

For Noblemen, Knights, Barons, Gentlemen.

ALL *Earles* and *Lords, Knights, Barons, Gentlemen*
Your great courage ſhall by a better pen
Be publiſhed, which ſhall your praiſe extoll,
Your name famous ſhall be in *Jovahs roll*;
When at his ſervice ended are your dayes,
He in the heavens ſhall *crown your brows with bayes*;
With Chriſt in coch each man a King and Prince
Shall honour'd be, who for Gods words defence
Shall hazard life, lands or poſteritie;
To ſuch *Jovah* both Lord and God ſhall be.

For all ſorts of Chriſts Souldiers.

WHat ever he was that fought for God that day
May look from Chriſt to get both *praiſe* and *pay*.

A particular Compend of Gods mercies towards us in *theſe laſt troubles.*

IN this compend Gods great works read and ſee,
That with your hearts ye may him glorifie:

Oh

Oh that the Lord to laud him would us move,
Who hath us giv'n ſuch tokens of his love;
Both South and North, and als both Eaſt and Weſt,
His grace to us he hath made manifeſt:
At *Kelſo*, *Dunce*, and at the bridge of *Die*.
He helped us, als in the weſterne Sea,
That armed towre of tree with ſailes flaunting,
He with a blaſt unto the rground did bring.
The Lord us pitied in our ſtrait and need,
He made that ſhip to ſinke in ſea like lead:
Theſe who us troubled with great *Cannon knocks*,
Were made like beaſts upon their *filthie rocks*;
When they came out with ſhame & with diſgrace,
Marks of Gods Wrath were written on their face.

Dumbritaine Caſtel.

FRom Weſterne rock came down that ugly pack
Of moſt vile rogues, whoſe bellies to their back
Were preſt and pinch'd for fault of fleſhes freſh,
Where with no more they could themſelves refreſh.

Edinburgh Caſtel.

FRom Eaſtern rock came down *Riven* & *Scrimger*,
With their vile troopes compoſde of *Swine and Swinger*,
To their diſpraiſe, diſgrace and infamie,
Who viper like were foes to their countrey.

Newburne.

AFter all this the LORD by ſtrength divine,
Made the brave Scots to foil their foes at *Tine*.

New-

Newcaſtel.

NEwcaſtel after, with teares in their eyes,
Caſt up their gates, and gave LESLIE the keyes.

The Earle of Strafford, Lievetenant of Ireland.

FOxy *Strafford* who had a diveliſh braine,
with ſurly brows, and an heart moſt profaine,
A limbeck for Satan wherein to ſtill
Moſt deep lewd plots, God church to ſpoil & ſpill,
The Lord hath made him die with rotten name,
By *Hangmans* hand on the *Tower* hill with ſhame;
Soone *raiſde*, ſoone *raz'd*, even from his greateſt hight
Not *lov'd*, but *loath'd*, ſhame doth eccliſpe his light:
He who *Britain Ireland* with greeſe did cramb,
A Fox in life, at death would ſeeme a lamb:
That which he did, now to the light brought forth,
Declares that he was rightly call'd *Wantworth*.
Thus ended he whom proud Prelats did plant
In high degree, a hireling ſycophant;
For brags for bribs moſt loathſome among men,
An *abject object*, not meet for my pen,
Whoſe rotten name ſhall finde in no realme,
Such ſtrong ſpices as may the ſame embalme.

Engliſh Parliament.

AND now at laſt behold the Parliament
Of fair *England*, entred in Covenant

With

With God and us, which may our courage raiſe,
With heart and voice to ſing ſweet ſongs of praiſe,
Unto th' Eternall and immortall King;
Who hath us given ſuch Subjects for to ſing;
All theſe that hear it ſtand as at a gaze,
The bruit thereof doth Romiſh hearts amaze.

WHat I have ſaid how Chriſts foes and friends fought,
Is nothing elſe but a poor charcoale draught;
If not profound, yet it is not profaine,
Like theſe who on vaine fables waſt their veine;
If God be praiſde, the reſt I lightly paſſe,
Though I but ſhine as Glow wormes on the graſſe:
To flie too high I darre not well preſume,
For fear the Sun ſhould melt my waxen plume:
Let theſe, who dar the higher regions try,
Aſpire with Sarcels for to pierce the ſky.
Ye brave Poets go to, and whet your quil,
From them now make Gods praiſes to diſtill:
Sing how in mercy he did on us look,
With Hallelujahs ſweet emboſſe your book:
Tune up ſuch ſongs of pleaſant melodie,
Which men may ſing with warbling Harmonie.
Moſes made verſe, and ſang at the red ſea,
Deborah als the veine of poeſie
Did waken up, when the great *Jehovah*
Made *Iſrael* to ſubdue *Siſera*:
None of their verſe had ſuch varietie,
As yours may have, for both by land and ſea;
Both South, and North, both Eaſt, and alſo weſt,
On hills, on rocks, God hath our foes repreſt.

Now

Now up my Muſe, and ſing to his glory,
Who was the Author of our victory:
He ſits above the Starrie walls of heav'n,
To whom the praiſe of all muſt now be giv'n:
As long as heav'ns in their moſt bright careers
Shall turne about, and ruſh with whirling ſpheers;
As long as *Phœbus* coach ſhall guide the day,
And Stars by night in danceing courſe ſhall play,
As long as yeeres ſhall this low earth adorne,
With woods, and buds of fruits, and flowres, and corne,
As long as fiſh ſhall haunt the brinie ſea,
Let all good Scots Gods excellent mercy
Admire, and als with praiſes high extoll,
From the Artick unto th'Antartick pole:
Gods name is made through all Europe famous,
By that which he at *Tine* hath done for us;
To him be power and praiſe eternally,
Who by his arme atchiv'd our victory:
We were not ſav'd by Canons, Spears, nor Swords,
Or ſtrength of men, the Battell was the LORDS.

For *Ireland*.

THat which before was cloudy now is cleare,
Ceſſation tels who made the peace and and war:
Will God be ſcorn'd? Will he not, by and by,
Of ſo much blood ſpilt hear the woefull cry?
And will he not ſearch who have plaid this trick,
To move our Prince to call ſuch Catholick
Subjects, who full of goar-blood through Ireland

Have

Have massacred near two hundred thousand?
Cryes in Rama by babes in peices rent,
Made dead Rachel in her grave to lament;
All that to this was nothing; heere a hell
Did seeme to be, blood hounds, divels most cruel
Did gore and stob, in waters drown and draw
In pieces small, with a most bloody pave:
The suckling yeld, the silly babes did cry.
The hoary head did cry for GODS mercy:
But these **Butchers**, who in God have no part,
Did cruelly them stob through breast and heart;
The spouse, the wife, the young, and these of age
Were **Pel-mell** all gorr'd in a bloody rage:
O **heaps of horrour** and of cruelties!
As GOD is GOD, he shall avenged be.
Lord in thy mercy quench this burning fire;
As for that blood, Looke on it, and require.

LAUS DEO.

A Song for all Souldiers.

Now up brave Scots, go to make no delay,
And from our King the wicked take away;
Make haste, the wicked take away anone,
So shall our King have a most stable Throne.

FINIS.

Miss Bad